

Rochester, Feb. 12, 1856.

Tuesday Morning.

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Dear Wife:

I wrote you a few lines, on Sunday, at Albany, which I suppose will reach you this forenoon. On Sunday morning, I went to hear the Rev. Mr. Mayo, a Universalist minister, preach, in company with Lydia Mott, and a Mrs. Jaques, a friend of hers, residing in a neighboring village. The discourse was an excellent one, breathing an elevated and reformatory spirit throughout. Mr. Mayo read the notice of my evening lecture, and Lydia thinks very highly of him.

In the afternoon, we all went and took tea with William H. Tapp and family, and had a very cordial welcome. He is one of the most estimable and gentlemanly men one can meet with in a long journey, and is highly respected in Albany, in spite of the general prejudice against color. He has several interesting children, and they have a good mother. He was formerly very strongly attached to Douglass, but no longer gives him his confidence and regard as he once did.



On Sunday evening, I lectured for two hours to a pretty large and thoroughly attentive audience in Van Vechten's hall, in State Street; and though I tore down the star-spangled banner, and repudiated the Constitution as a blood-stained instrument, and put the Union beneath my feet, and <sup>criminated</sup> almost every religious and political party in the land, I was frequently applauded, ("Sabbath evening" though it was,) and not a single note of disapprobation was heard.

Yesterday morning, (Monday,) at 7 $\frac{1}{4}$  o'clock, I left Albany for Rochester, and arrived here at 5, P. M. At Syracuse, dear S. J. May met me at the depot, and treated me to a dish of excellent oysters in the refreshment room—telling me what arrangements he had made for me, and informing me that they were all well at home. The recent fires in Syracuse have seriously embarrassed it, and the lecturing season has not been a prosperous one. Douglass lectured there a few evenings since, and he always succeeds in securing an audience. Mr. May told me that his congregation had recently made him the generous donation of five hundred dollars. I told him I wished it



had been ten times that amount. I am to return to Syracuse to-morrow, and in the evening go with him to a large social party. My lecturing programme is as follows:— This evening, in Rochester; Thursday evening, in Syracuse; Friday evening, in Buffalo; Saturday evening, in Skaneateles; Sunday evening, in Auburn; Monday evening, in Troy; Tuesday evening, (perhaps,) in Springfield; and Wednesday evening, 20th inst., I hope to find myself safely at home.

Last night the wind was high, and early this morning it looks <sup>very</sup> very dismal out of doors, the snow falling and blowing in all directions, and threatening to put an extinguisher upon my evening meeting. The sun is now showing us his countenance occasionally, but the wind continues high and blustering, making it one of the most uncomfortable days to be about. In addition to this drawback, there is to be a general meeting of the citizens ~~this~~ evening, with reference to their city election and some municipal reforms. So I am expecting a slim attendance, and, consequently, very limited receipts at the door to meet the expenses.



I am very well, except a little cold in the head. I hope my voice will not fail me, or become hoarse before I get through; for it is very embarrassing to attempt to speak under such circumstances. But I am talking incessantly, as you may readily suppose, and shall be fortunate if I do not break down.

I have seen but one Rochester paper this morning, and find in it the following reference to my lecture: - "Wm. Lloyd Garrison lectures this evening. He is always worth hearing. The ladies intend to be on hand, in battalions, and, of course, the gents will be with them." To which I will add - "wind and weather permitting."

I am stopping with the Anthonys, and expected to find Susan at home; but she has been absent three weeks, and will not reach here till to-day at 1 o'clock. I have not yet seen Isaac or Amy Post, but shall take tea with them this afternoon.

My love to the dear boys and to Fanny, and regards to Eliza. If Lydia is with you, give her my warmest remembrances.

Lovingly yours, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.